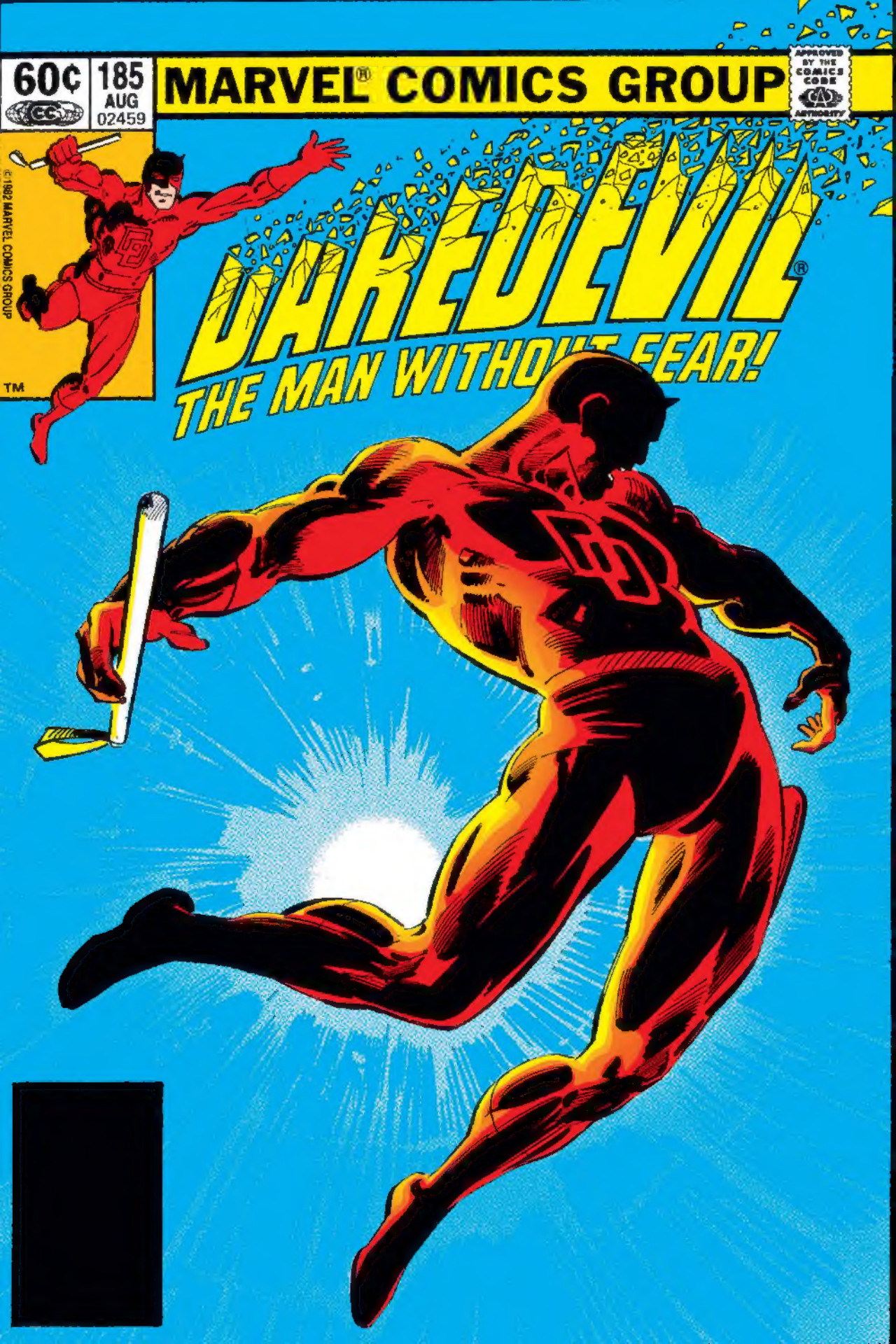
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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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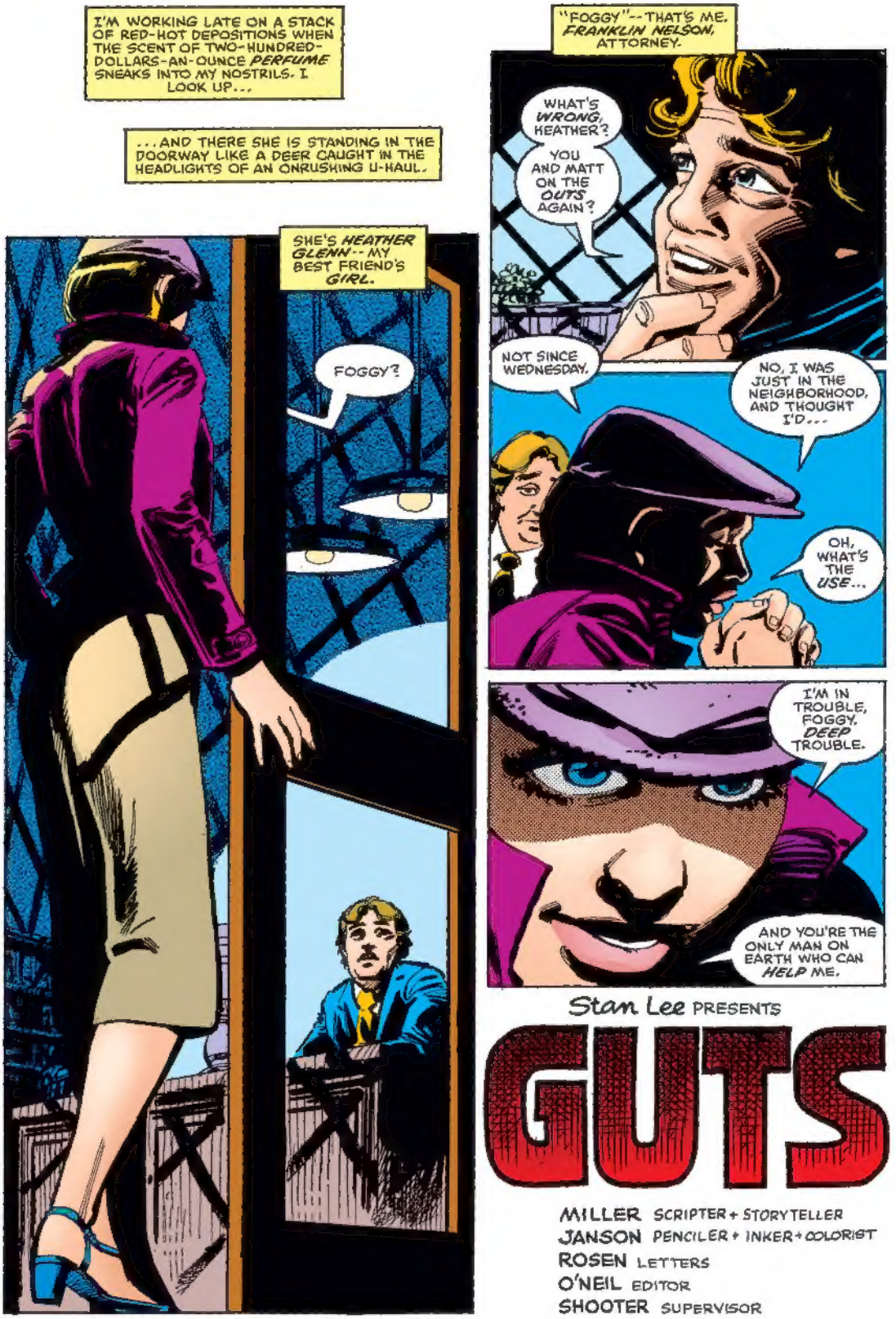
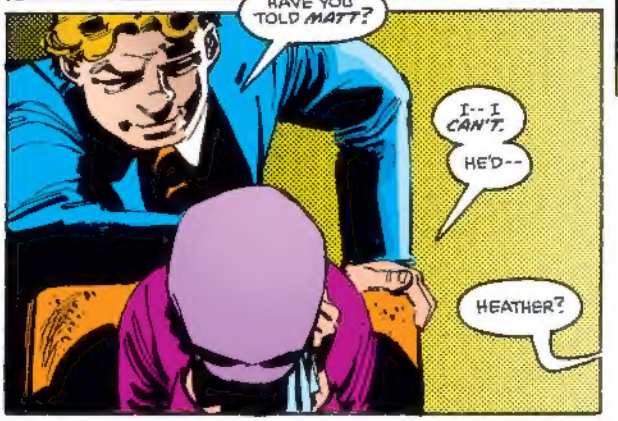
TM

DO YOU KNOW ME?
I'M DAREDEVIL. A CRIMEFIGHTER. PRETTY GOOD ONE, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.
WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND BLINDED BY A RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE.
THE RADIATION MUTATED MY NERVE CENTERS, AMPLIFYING MY REMAINING SENSES TO SUPER-HUMAN LEVELS.
IN OTHER WORDS, I CAN SMELL, HEAR, AND TASTE BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD. EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T SEE.
I EVEN HAVE A BUILT-IN RADAR THAT LETS ME KNOW WHERE THINGS ARE AROUND ME WHEN MY OTHER SENSES DON'T.
OF COURSE, I'M NOT DD ALL THE TIME. CRIMEFIGHTING ALONE WON'T PAY THE BILLS.
LAWYERING WILL, THOUGH.
SO, BY DAY, I'M MATT MURDOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS.
WELL, IT'S BECAUSE THE NARRATOR OF THIS MONTH'S ADVENTURE IS FOGGY NELSON--MATT MURDOCK'S PARTNER...
...AND HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M DAREDEVIL.
SO PLEASE-- PLEASE--
--DON'T TELL HIM.


I'M WORKING LATE ON A STACK OF RED-HOT DEPOSITIONS WHEN THE SCENT OF TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLARS-AN-OUNCE PERFUME SNEAKS INTO MY NOSTRILS. I LOOK UP...
...AND THERE SHE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN ONRUSHING U-HAUL.
SHE'S HEATHER GLENN -- MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL.
FOGGY?
"FOGGY" -- THAT'S ME. FRANKLIN NELSON, ATTORNEY.
WHAT'S WRONG, HEATHER?
YOU AND MATT ON THE OUTS AGAIN?
NOT SINCE WEDNESDAY.
NO, I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THOUGHT I'D...
OH, WHAT'S THE USE...
I'M IN TROUBLE, FOGGY. DEEP TROUBLE.
AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN HELP ME.
Stan Lee PRESENTS
GUTS
MILLER SCRIPTER + STORYTELLER
JANSON PENCILER + INKER + COLORIST
ROSEN LETTERS
O'NEIL EDITOR
SHOOTER SUPERVISOR

EVER SINCE *DADDY* DIED, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RUN THE BUSINESS THE WAY *HE* WOULD'VE...
...BUT THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS TRYING TO TAKE IT *AWAY* FROM ME.
AND LAST NIGHT, I FOUND OUT THEY'RE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE *CRIMINAL*.

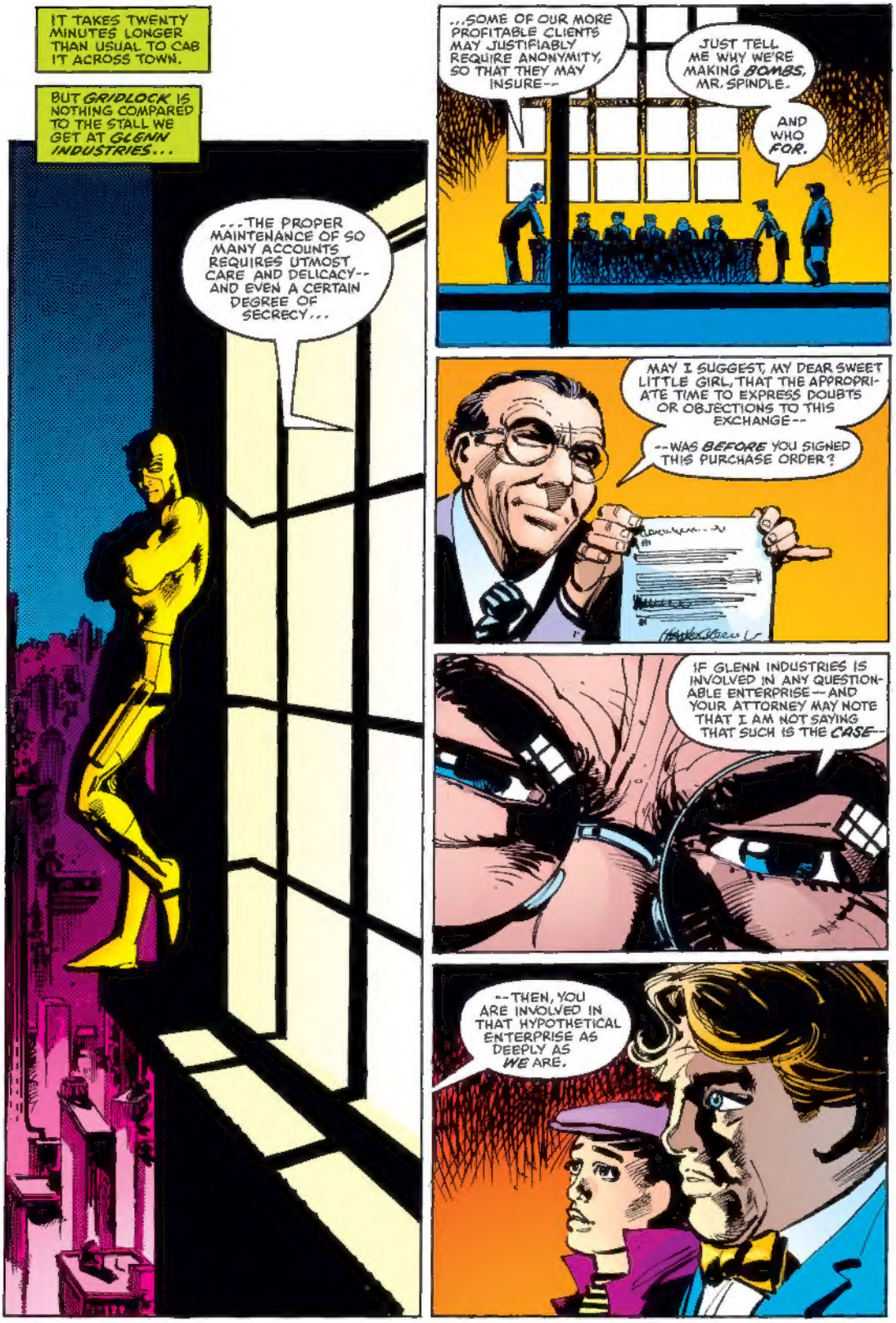


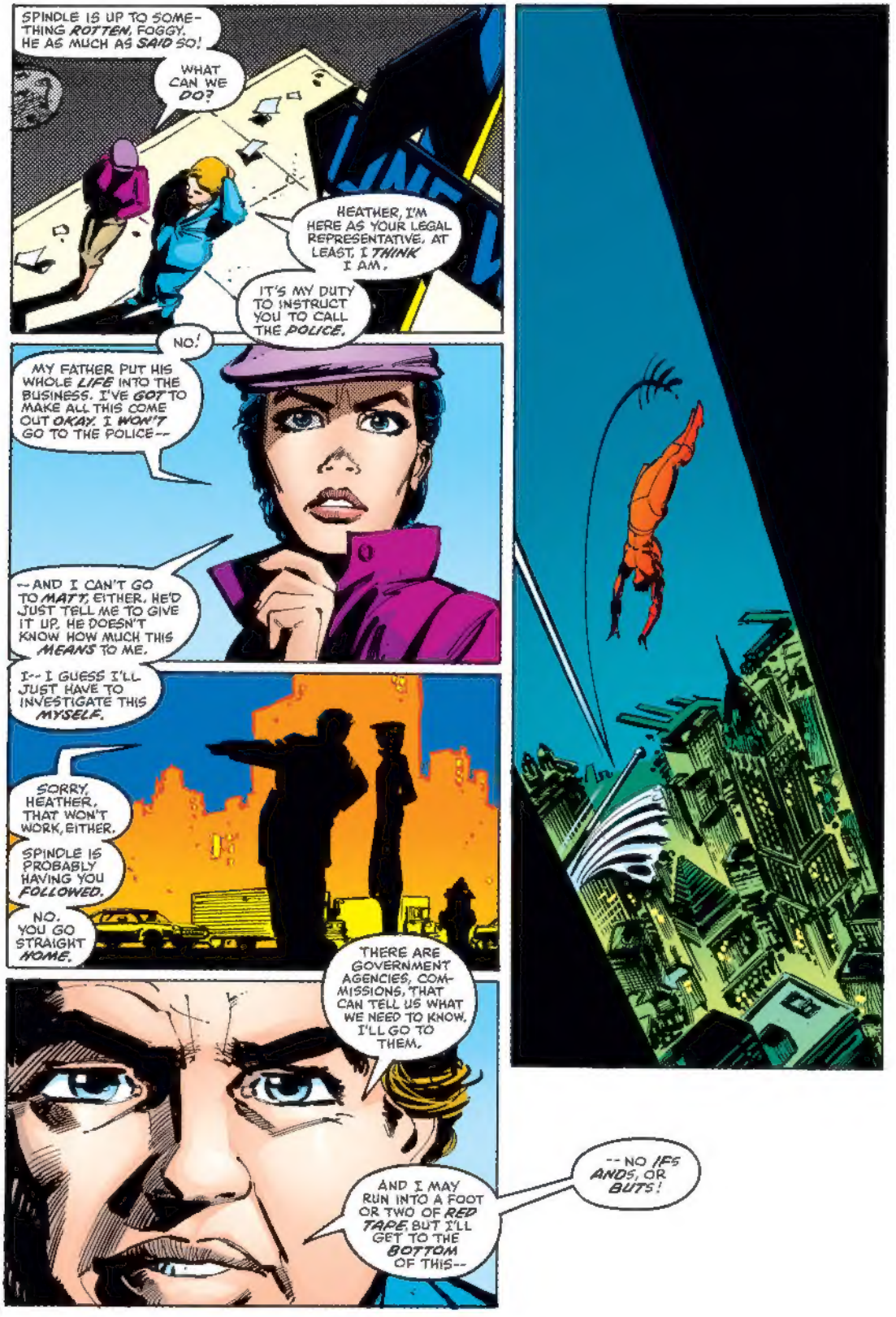
IT'S *MATT MURDOCK*-- MY *PARTNER* AND BEST BUDDY. A GREAT GUY. BUT A LITTLE *STRANGE* SOMETIMES.

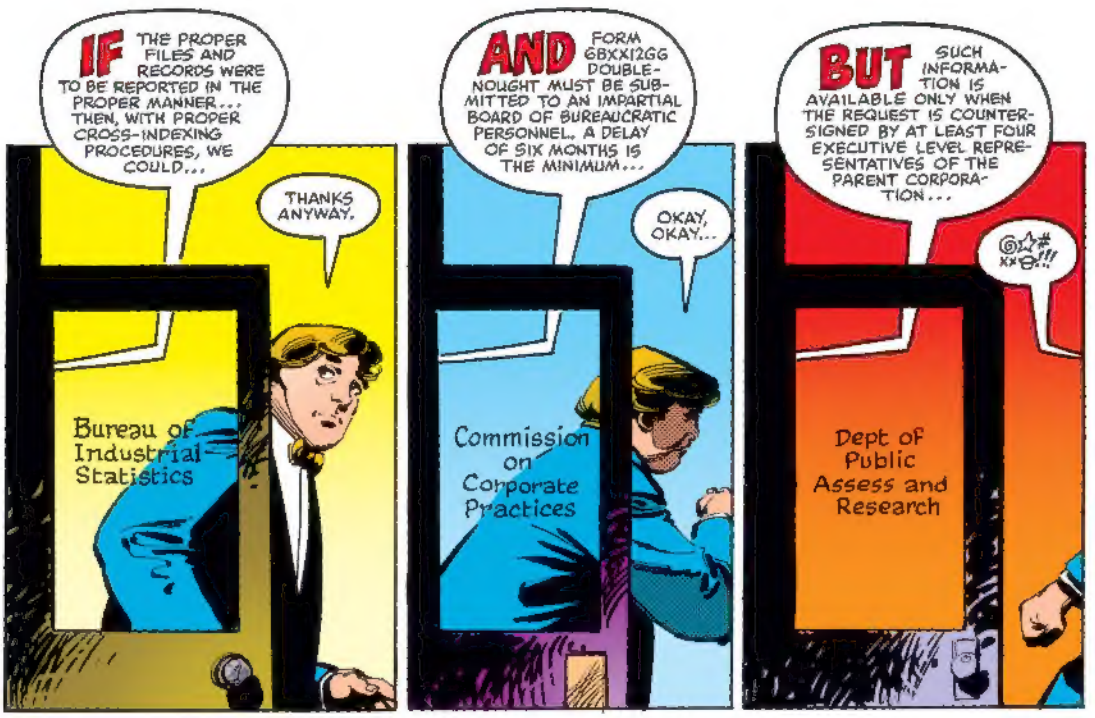
LIKE RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE STANDS THERE MAKES ME THINK HE *KNOWS* EVERYTHING HEATHER JUST TOLD ME, EVEN THOUGH HE COULDN'T HAVE.

NOBODY'S GOT EARS LIKE *THAT*.

HOW SWEET OF YOU TO DROP BY.
GIVEN ANY MORE THOUGHT TO WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY? READY TO SETTLE DOWN AND MARRY ME--
--AND STOP PLAYING EXECUTIVE?
HEATHER-- YOU'VE BEEN CRYING--
UM...
...SNEEZING'S MORE LIKE IT, MATT. HEATHER'S CAUGHT HERSELF A DOSE OF HAY FEVER.
UM...
HEY, OL' PAL, I WISH I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING BY. WOULD'VE MADE THE DINNER RESERVATIONS FOR THREE.
HEATHER AND I THOUGHT WE'D CHAT A BIT. BEEN MONTHS.
UM...
SAY, WE'RE RUNNING LATE!
SEE YA AROUND, MATT.
I DECIDE NOT TO TELL MATT WHAT'S GOING ON. IT'D ONLY WORRY HIM.
BESIDES, I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'M GETTING INTO.
THINGS COULD GET ROUGH.


IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES LONGER THAN USUAL TO CAB IT ACROSS TOWN.
BUT GRIDLOCK IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE STALL WE GET AT GLENN INDUSTRIES...
...THE PROPER MAINTENANCE OF SO MANY ACCOUNTS REQUIRES UTMOST CARE AND DELICACY--AND EVEN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SECRECY...
...SOME OF OUR MORE PROFITABLE CLIENTS MAY JUSTIFIABLY REQUIRE ANONYMITY, SO THAT THEY MAY INSURE--
JUST TELL ME WHY WE'RE MAKING BOMBS, MR. SPINDLE.
AND WHO FOR.
MAY I SUGGEST, MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE GIRL, THAT THE APPROPRIATE TIME TO EXPRESS DOUBTS OR OBJECTIONS TO THIS EXCHANGE--
--WAS BEFORE YOU SIGNED THIS PURCHASE ORDER?
IF GLENN INDUSTRIES IS INVOLVED IN ANY QUESTIONABLE ENTERPRISE--AND YOUR ATTORNEY MAY NOTE THAT I AM NOT SAYING THAT SUCH IS THE CASE--
--THEN, YOU ARE INVOLVED IN THAT HYPOTHETICAL ENTERPRISE AS DEEPLY AS WE ARE.


SPINDLE IS UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN, FOGGY. HE AS MUCH AS SAID SO!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
HEATHER, I'M HERE AS YOUR LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE. AT LEAST, I THINK I AM.
IT'S MY DUTY TO INSTRUCT YOU TO CALL THE POLICE.
NO!
MY FATHER PUT HIS WHOLE LIFE INTO THE BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO MAKE ALL THIS COME OUT OKAY. I WON'T GO TO THE POLICE--
--AND I CAN'T GO TO MATT, EITHER. HE'D JUST TELL ME TO GIVE IT UP. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME.
I-- I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS MYSELF.
SORRY, HEATHER, THAT WON'T WORK, EITHER.
SPINDLE IS PROBABLY HAVING YOU FOLLOWED.
NO. YOU GO STRAIGHT HOME.
THERE ARE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, COMMISSIONS, THAT CAN TELL US WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW. I'LL GO TO THEM.
AND I MAY RUN INTO A FOOT OR TWO OF RED TAPE, BUT I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS--
--NO IFS ANDS, OR BUTS!


IF THE PROPER FILES AND RECORDS WERE TO BE REPORTED IN THE PROPER MANNER... THEN, WITH PROPER CROSS-INDEXING PROCEDURES, WE COULD...
THANKS ANYWAY.
Bureau of Industrial Statistics
AND FORM 6BXX12GG DOUBLE-NOUGHT MUST BE SUBMITTED TO AN IMPARTIAL BOARD OF BUREAUCRATIC PERSONNEL. A DELAY OF SIX MONTHS IS THE MINIMUM...
OKAY, OKAY...
Commission on Corporate Practices
BUT SUCH INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE ONLY WHEN THE REQUEST IS COUNTERSIGNED BY AT LEAST FOUR EXECUTIVE LEVEL REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PARENT CORPORATION...
@☆#XX@!!!
Dept of Public Assess and Research

DID I SAY A *FOOT* OF RED TAPE? MAKE THAT A *MILE.*

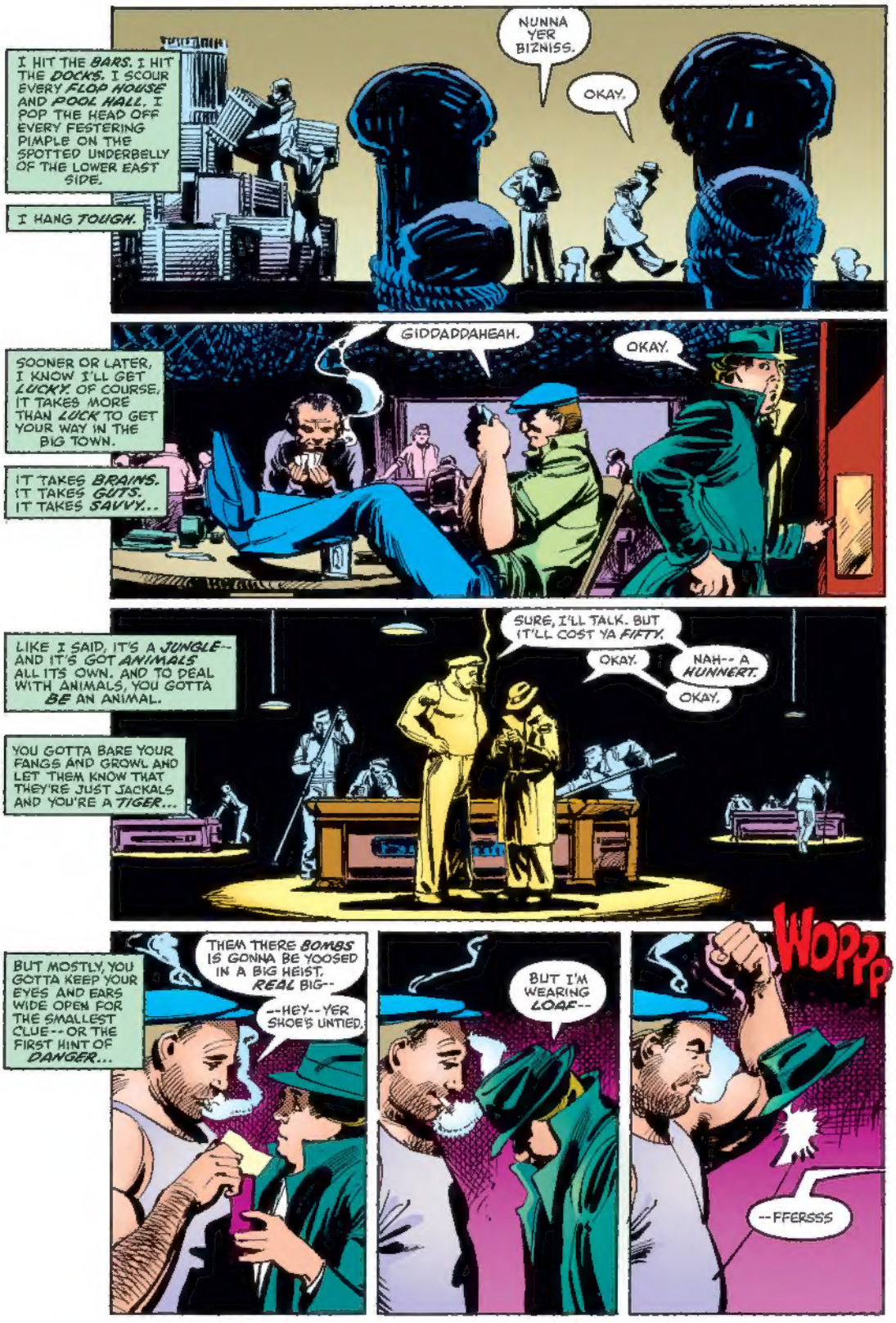
A LONG, *TWISTED* MILE THAT LEADS ME *NOWHERE.*

SO THE STRAIGHT-AND-NARROW APPROACH GETS ME *ZIP.*

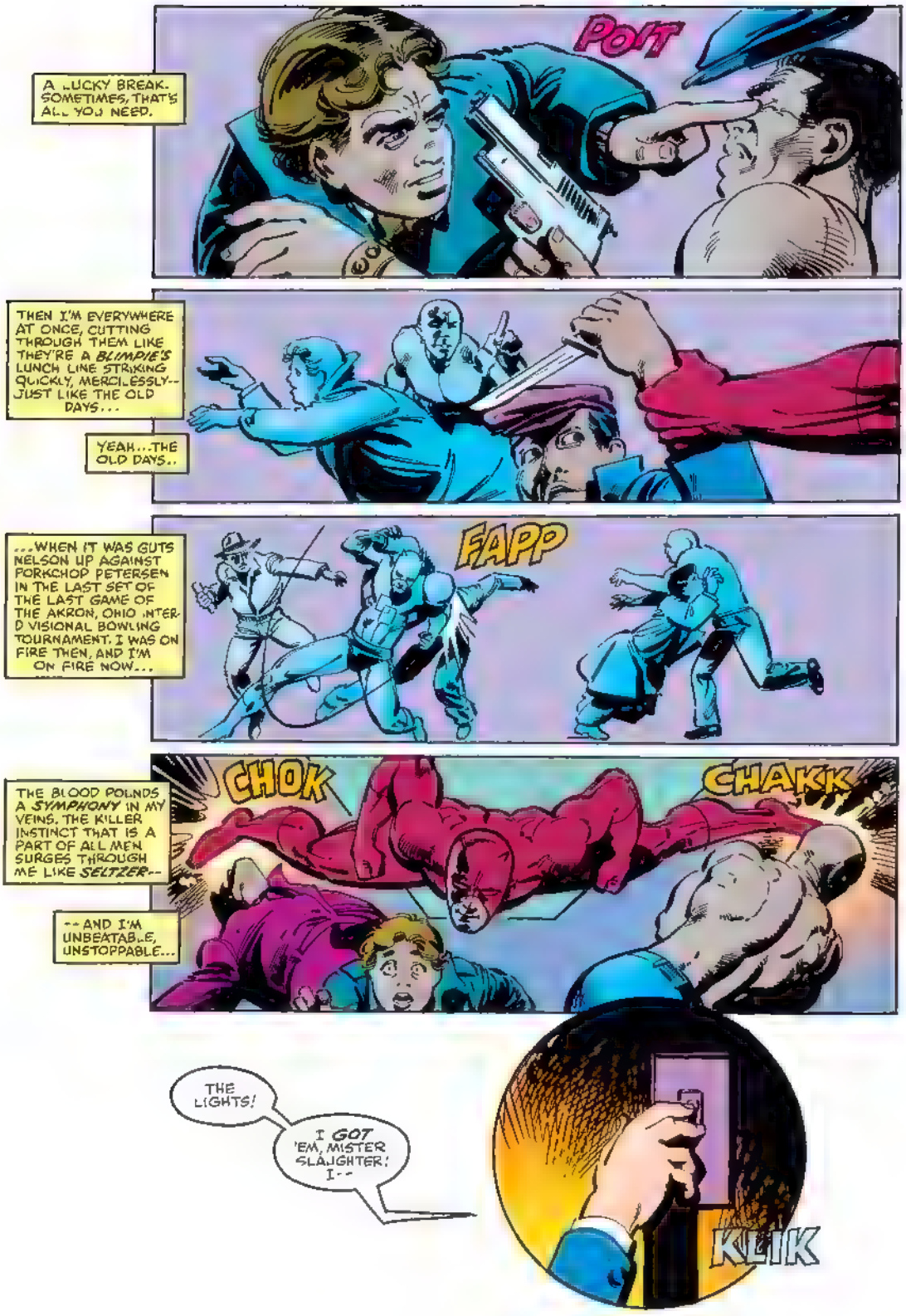
I'M NOT FINISHED.

NOT NEARLY.

AS NIGHT ENSHROUDS MANHATTAN LIKE A *PUP TENT,* I STALK THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD.
I AM A *HUNTER.*
THE CITY IS MY *JUNGLE.*
MY QUARRY WILL *NOT* ELUDE ME.


I HIT THE BARS. I HIT THE DOCKS. I SCOUR EVERY FLOP HOUSE AND POOL HALL. I POP THE HEAD OFF EVERY FESTERING PIMPLE ON THE SPOTTED UNDERBELLY OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE.
I HANG TOUGH.
NUNNA YER BIZNISS.
OKAY.
SOONER OR LATER, I KNOW I'LL GET LUCKY. OF COURSE, IT TAKES MORE THAN LUCK TO GET YOUR WAY IN THE BIG TOWN.
IT TAKES BRAINS. IT TAKES GUTS. IT TAKES SAVVY...
GIDDADDAHEAH.
OKAY.
LIKE I SAID, IT'S A JUNGLE-- AND IT'S GOT ANIMALS ALL ITS OWN. AND TO DEAL WITH ANIMALS, YOU GOTTA BE AN ANIMAL.
YOU GOTTA BARE YOUR FANGS AND GROWL AND LET THEM KNOW THAT THEY'RE JUST JACKALS AND YOU'RE A TIGER...
SURE, I'LL TALK. BUT IT'LL COST YA FIFTY.
OKAY.
NAH-- A HUNNERT.
OKAY.
BUT MOSTLY, YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN FOR THE SMALLEST CLUE-- OR THE FIRST HINT OF DANGER...
THEM THERE BOMBS IS GONNA BE YOOSED IN A BIG HEIST. REAL BIG--
--HEY-- YER SHOE'S UNTIED.
BUT I'M WEARING LOAF--
WOPPP
--FFERSSS

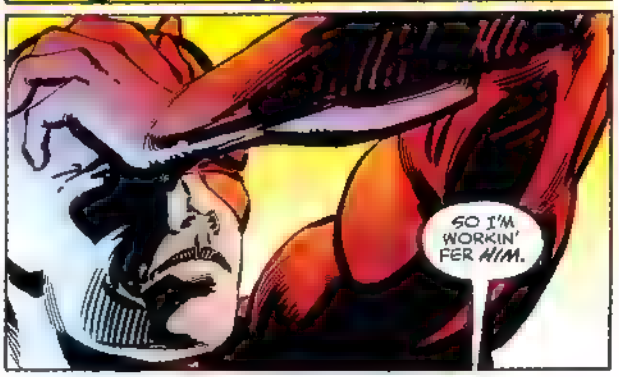
SUCKERED!
I FLOAT IN A SILENCE QUIETER THAN AN EMPTY ASTRODOME... A DARKNESS BLACKER THAN A HERSHEY BAR.
THEN MY HEAD IS POUNDING WITH DULL PAIN AND I'M AWAKE...
AW, C'MON, MISTER SLAUGHTER-- LEMME JOIN THE GANG AGAIN. I'LL DO GOOD THIS TIME.
QUIET, TURK.
OUR GUEST IS COMING AROUND.
I'M WAIST DEEP IN HOT CHICKEN SOUP THESE GUYS HAVE TO BE HOODS.
GOTTA THINK FAST.
UM...
THE NAME'S NELSON. "GUTS" NELSON.
UM...
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE INTO BOMBS. I WANT IN, SEE?
KILL HIM.
MISTER SLAUGHTER-- ABOUT THAT JOB--
SHUT UP, TURK.
NUTS. BRUNG HIM ALLA WAYS CROSS TOWN, JUST TA SNUFF HIM HERE,
AND SKINNY DIS GUY AIN'T.
HEY-- WHAT'S WID DA LIGHTS?


A LUCKY BREAK. SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED.
POIT
THEN I'M EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, CUTTING THROUGH THEM LIKE THEY'RE A BLIMPIE'S LUNCH LINE STRIKING QUICKLY, MERCILESSLY--JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS...
YEAH...THE OLD DAYS..
...WHEN IT WAS GUTS NELSON UP AGAINST PORKCHOP PETERSEN IN THE LAST SET OF THE LAST GAME OF THE AKRON, OHIO INTER-D VISIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT. I WAS ON FIRE THEN, AND I'M ON FIRE NOW...
FAPP
THE BLOOD POUNDS A SYMPHONY IN MY VEINS. THE KILLER INSTINCT THAT IS A PART OF ALL MEN SURGES THROUGH ME LIKE SELTZER--
--AND I'M UNBEATABLE, UNSTOPPABLE...
CHOK
CHAKK
THE LIGHTS!
I GOT 'EM, MISTER SLAUGHTER! I--
KLIK

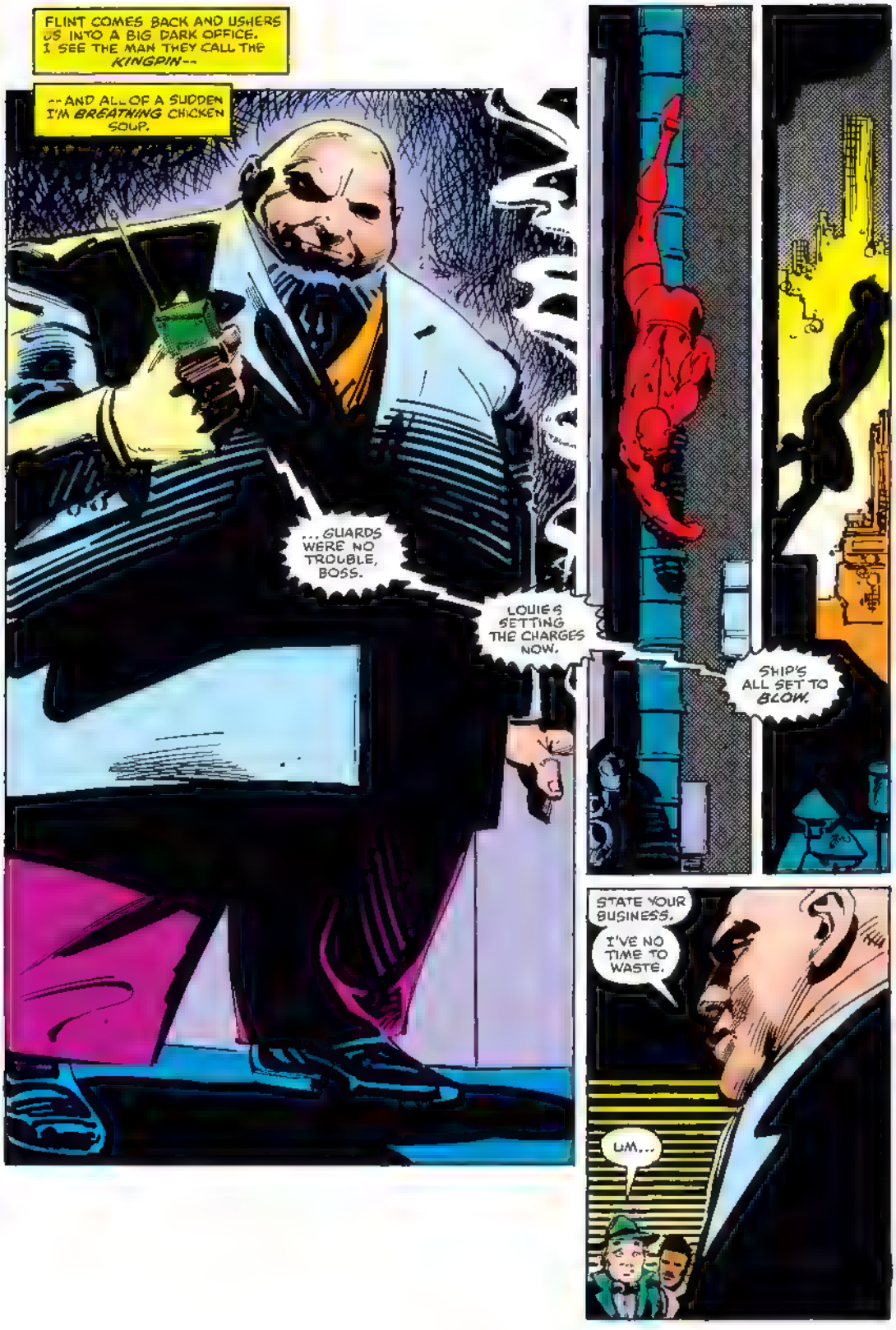
HE-- HE MUSTA TAKEN THEM ALL OUT... JUST LIKE THAT...
TURK--SHOOT H.M.
CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK IF I DO?
IT'S YOURS, SHOOT H.M.

NAH.

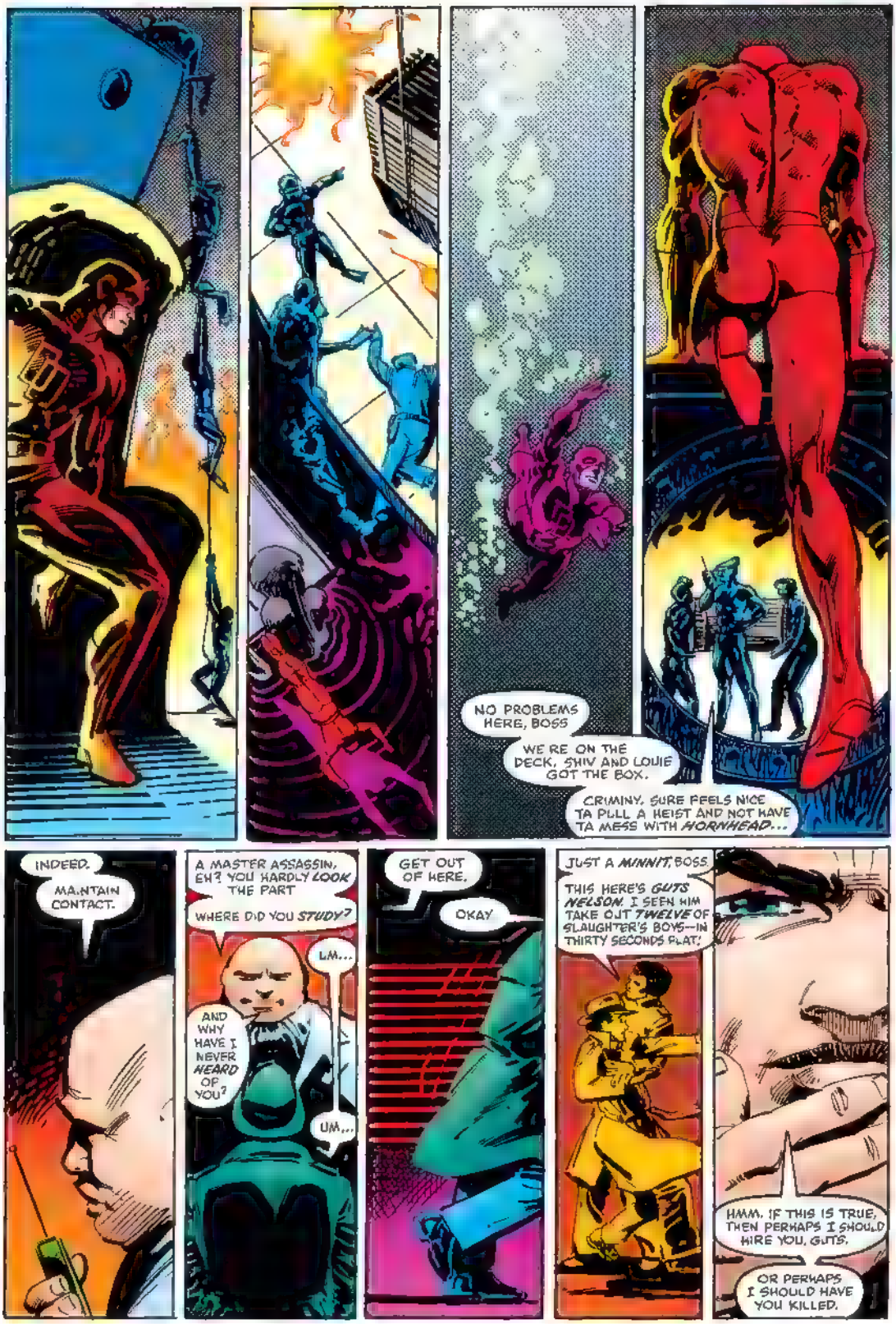
GUTS HERE IS MY KINDA GUY, HE'S GOT BRAINS, AND MUSCLE PROB'LY GOT MONEY, TOO.
ALL HE NEEDS NOW IS VISION.
VISION I GOT.


SO I'M WORKIN' FER HIM.

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES I THINK EVERYTHING'S OKAY. THEN TURK TAKES ME TO A MIDTOWN SKY-SCRAPER AND A LOOK AT THE PLACE MAKES ME SMELL THAT CHICKEN SOUP AGAIN. ONLY THIS THIS TIME IT'S UP PAST MY WAIST AND AT MY ELBOWS.
AND CLIMBING.
GOT SOME-BODY HERE TO SEE THE BIG MAN, FLINT.
HE'S BUSY, TURK.
FOR YOU, HE'S ALWAYS BUSY.
SMARTEN UP, FLINT.
THIS HERE'S GUTS NELSON. I JUST SEEN HIM FLATTEN SLAUGHTER'S BOYS -- SIX OF 'EM -- IN ONE MINNIT FLAT.
YOU WANT THE KINGPIN TO HEAR YOU TURNED THIS KINDA TALENT AWAY?
SO I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE HERE.
BUT NO PROMISES
LOOK, TURK. ALL I WANT IS THE DOPE ON THOSE BOMBS. SEE?
SURE, GUTS. SURE. WE'LL GET RIGHT TO THAT.
BUT I FIGGER MOVES LIKE YERS SHOULDN'T OUGHTTA BE WASTED.
BESIDES, THIS HERE'S THE KINGPIN'S JOINT HE RUNS ALL THE MOBS IN TOWN.
AND HE'S THE ONE WHO'S USIN' THEM BOMBS. FER A B.G KNOCKOVER ON PER 47.


FLINT COMES BACK AND USHERS US INTO A BIG DARK OFFICE. I SEE THE MAN THEY CALL THE KINGPIN--
--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M BREATHING CHICKEN SOUP.
...GUARDS WERE NO TROUBLE, BOSS.
LOUIE'S SETTING THE CHARGES NOW.
SHIP'S ALL SET TO BLOW.
STATE YOUR BUSINESS.
I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE.
UM...

WHOOOMM
BEEYOOTEEFUL, BOSS! SHE WENT UP LIKE FIREWORKS!
NO SIGN OF DAREDEVIL?
NOPE.
PROCEED AS PLANNED.
I'LL KEEP IT SHORT, KINGPIN.
THAT WOULD BE WISE.
YOU BEEN TAPPED FER A TOP HIT MAN EVER SINCE BULLSEYE SNUFFED THAT LADY ASSASSIN YOU WAS USIN'--THEN GOT BUSTED UP HISSELF.
I FIGGER YER LOOKIN' FER A NEW MAN.
UM...


NO PROBLEMS HERE, BOSS
WE'RE ON THE DECK. SHIV AND LOUIE GOT THE BOX.
CRIMINY. SURE FEELS NICE TA PULL A HEIST AND NOT HAVE TA MESS WITH HORNHEAD...
INDEED.
MAINTAIN CONTACT.
A MASTER ASSASSIN, EH? YOU HARDLY LOOK THE PART
WHERE DID YOU STUDY?
UM...
AND WHY HAVE I NEVER HEARD OF YOU?
UM...
GET OUT OF HERE.
OKAY
JUST A MINNIT, BOSS
THIS HERE'S GUTS NELSON. I SEEN HIM TAKE OUT TWELVE OF SLAUGHTER'S BOYS—IN THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!
HMM. IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD HIRE YOU, GUTS.
OR PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE YOU KILLED.

UH OH.
BOSS I THINK WE GOT A PROBLEM, AFTER ALL...
WHAT IS IT, FILCH? QUICKLY.
IT'S D--
URRGH!!
CHOK
THWAK
FILCH?
FILCH?
CONSIDER IT A WARNING, KINGSY.
I GOT CONNECTIONS-- POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING YOU DOWN, SEE?

YOU'RE BLUFFING, GUTS. YOU HAD NO PART IN THIS.
WE ARE MERELY SUFFERING A COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE OF SOME SORT
THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN.
NONE.
FILCH?...

DANGER
RADIOACTIVE
MATERIALS

WE...UH... HAD OURSELVES A LITTLE SETBACK...
BOSS, THIS IS GREASER.
BETTER CHECK IN WITH THE BOSS.
WHAT HAPPENED?
DAREDEVIL HAPPENED. GOT THAT ISOTOPE WE WAS AFTER.
THEY'RE BOTH IN THE DRINK NOW.
SO. IT WAS DAREDEVIL.
HE STAYED OUT OF SIGHT -- TRICKED ME INTO MAKING MY MOVE. HE IS A SHREWD OPPONENT. IN TIME I SHALL BE REQUIRED TO ELIMINATE HIM.
BUT HIS DEATH MUST WAIT.
YOURS, HOWEVER, IS AT HAND.
BZZT
FLINT. COME IN HERE.
BRING YOUR GUN.
BOSS! IT'S--
THWAKK

CHOKK
KKR
AKKK
GREASER?
GREASER...
FIVE WORDS, KINGPIN. AND I'LL ONLY SAY THEM ONCE.
DON'T MESS WITH GUTS NELSON.
YOU WANT THEM DEAD, BOSS?
IT'LL BE FUN WASTING TURK...
NOT... QUITE YET.
GUTS... WE MUST DISCUSS YOUR EMPLOY-MENT.
SURE.
HOW 'BOUT MONDAY?
NOW.

I SAID MONDAY, KINGSY.
NOW.
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE FORGET-TING SOMETHING, CHUBBS.
I GOT ME DAREDEVIL, RIGHT IN MY POCKET.
AND LIKE THE MAN SAID--
--DON'T MESS WITH ME.
MONDAY, THEN.
GUTS, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA GO PLACES...

...STILL CAN'T FIGGER WHY WE'RE GOIN' TO CHICAGO, GUTS.
I GOT CONNECTIONS TO MAKE, TURK.
YOU WANT TO BE MY MAIN MAN OR NOT?
SURE, SURE I DO! YOU KIDDIN'?
I NEVER SAW NOBODY SPOOK THE KINGPIN BEFORE!
YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES, GUTS.
I FIGGER YOU NEED VISION, IS ALL.
VISION I-- HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?
LITTLE BOY'S ROOM.
BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, WE'RE TAKIN' OFF SOON.
HEY-- THE JOHN'S THAT WAY...
WHAT THE...
AW, NO...